

## RELIGIOUS READING.

### BEAUTIFUL COALS.

We sat in the flames' ruddy glow,  
Watching the flames dance to and fro,  
Watching their tremulous and sweet,  
Watching them waver and faintly creep,  
Watching them on by one's eye,  
Leaving but beautiful coals of fire.

And baby laughed at the brilliant sight,  
Then suddenly strove with his tiny might  
To slip from my fingers' inoscent clasp,  
And one of those beautiful coals to grasp;  
I caught him back from the gleaming brands,  
Kissing the unsundered, dimpled hands;  
But, poor little darling, he only cried  
That his new-born wish was thus denied.

Then I thought how often we vainly beseech  
For seeming favors beyond our reach,  
With tearful grovelling and outstretched hands,  
When, perhaps, the dear Lord, who understands,  
Is holding us back from our heart's desire,  
From fatal, though beautiful, coals of fire.

—Emma C. Bond, in *Congregationalist*.

### THE EXTREMITY.

The Psalmist's Personal Experience and  
His Trust in God.

The forty-second Psalm is full of intense personal experience which is probably that of David at the time of his exclusion from the sanctuary as a devout worshiper, in consequence of Absalom's distressing rebellion, in which there was much to overwhelm and almost crush the unhappy father of that unnatural son. He feelingly laments his banishment from God's presence, which was greatly aggravated by the cruel taunts of his enemies, and his own tender recollections of his former privileges; and in all his deep depression of spirits he confidently anticipated the restoration of his lost enjoyments, while he calls upon his soul to trust and hope in God.

From the lowest depths of his sorrowful dejection he could breathe forth his unshaken confidence in God. The eternal God was still his God, whom he could address, saying: "O my God." Amid all the multiplied troubles which broke over him like waves upon wave, he still found refuge in God, to whom his soul sincerely turned with ardent longings. There is strong personal preference and filial trustfulness expressed in the language which he addressed to God, whom he preferred above all other objects of his regard. Thus he could say: "As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?"

Notwithstanding this confiding appropriation of God, he was suffering under very great depression which gave utterance to the sorrowful words: "My soul is cast down within me." This is a strong expression of despondency and despondency. He had just been expostulating with himself, saying: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance." In spite, however, of this self-remembrance his heaviness of heart continued, and he was compelled to say in the very next breath: "O my God, my soul is cast down within me."

He who was thus "cast down" was not destroyed. So far from being utterly disheartened by all that was exceedingly trying and depressing to him he even makes his discouragements subservient to his more abundant encouragement. Accordingly he says: "O my God, my soul is cast down within me; therefore will I remember Thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizor." The indefinite expression "land of Jordan" probably means the tract of country through which the River Jordan flowed it being spoken of as we speak of the valley of the Mississippi.

The reference is, presumably, to that part of the country in which the distressed King was then a sorrowful exile, its desolation, to him, lying on the east side of the river Jordan—the wilderness side, as may be inferred from the mention of the Hermonites, or Hermans, signifying the range of mountains east of Jordan, which are spoken of in the plural number, as we speak of the Alleghanies. The whole region east of Jordan, which did not properly belong to Canaan, may thus be designated.

Mizar, which signifies little or littleness, whether it is taken as a proper name or a descriptive epithet, may be merely a contemptuous expression. The sense in which the Psalmist would be understood, seems to be this: Whether I roam in the wilderness beyond Jordan, or climb the mountains of Hermon, a fugitive from my foes, and an exile from my friends and home; or whether I retire to the most obscure and insignificant spot on earth, in order to escape my persecutors, yet will I still remember God, and maintain communion with Him, though in the most unfavorable and forbidding conditions and situations.

Nathaniel Cotton, an English poet of a century or more ago, sang:

"Why, O my soul, oh, why depressed,  
And whence thine anxious fears?  
Let former favors fix the trust,  
And check thy rising tears."

"Affliction is a stormy deep,  
Where waves succeed to waves;  
Though o'er my head the billows roll,  
I know the Lord can save."

"On Him I trust and build my hope,  
Nor murmur at His rod;  
In vain the waves of trouble roll,  
While He is still my God."

—Boston Watchman.

### HOLIDAY CRUMBS.

Simple Offerings Which, Kindly Given,  
Will Prove a World of Comfort to the  
Needy—The Saviour's Commendation.

They are richer and more abundant than other crumbs, and now is the time when they are accumulating faster than at any other season of the year. The careful housewife and the less prudent "help" look almost despairingly at crowded shelves, and wonder where some of the over-supply from breakfast, dinner and supper shall be set away. Suppose they are not set away; at least, not on the already loaded shelves. There are empty shelves and hungry mouths, and not even crumbs falling from the tables of many a family, within easy walking distance of your own home.

When Jesus Christ spoke of the poor as being in every community, He emphasized their condition as a piteous legacy, making it obligatory on His followers to consider their needs. It

must be "cruel hard" to pass the grocer's and provision dealer's, and see and smell the heaped-up array of fowl and fruit, and the thousand and one tempting niceties displayed in seemingly reckless abundance, and yet feel that they are beyond one's reach entirely. It is hard alike for old and young; but what more appealing sight than the one seen almost every day, of hungry young eyes gazing longingly into store windows, with little red fists crammed into empty pockets.

Our Saviour commended the sagacity of the woman of a strange sect, who, feeling herself outside the pale of the Master's recognized followers, was yet willing to humbly avail herself of such crumbs of comfort as merely fell, as it were, from the table of those authorized to feed on the Divine food and wisdom. There are many ways of dispensing crumbs of welcome cheer these festive days. Never mind about saving everything left on the table. Take the best portions and carry them to some one who is poor or old, bed-ridden perhaps, or unable to leave the narrow room through feebleness.

The few kind words you speak in making your simple offering will of themselves prove a world of comfort to some of the needy ones.

If God has greatly prospered you, give more liberally still; one who has tested the satisfaction of giving to the worthy poor realizes that it is indeed more blessed to give than to receive. We have no right to keep for our own use all that a bounteous Father provides, if we possibly can spare a portion for those less favored than ourselves. Our Christmas and New Year's store will do us far more good, if at least a generous supply of crumbs cheers some other hearts than those within our own doors.—*Golden Rule*.

### TRUST IN GOD,

And Thus Be Freed from Carking Care and Evil Troubles.

"Trust in Him at all times."—*Psalm lxxi, 8.*

Faith is as much the rule of temporal as of spiritual life; we ought to have faith in God for our earthly affairs as for our Heavenly business. It is only as we learn to trust in God for the supply of all our daily needs that we shall live above the world. We are not to be idle; that would show we did not trust in God, who worketh hitherto, but in the devil, who is the father of idleness. We are not to be imprudent or rash, that were to trust chance, and not the living God, who is a God of economy and order. Acting in all prudence and uprightness, we are to simply and entirely trust upon the Lord at all times.

Let me commend to you a life of trust in God in temporal things. Trusting in God, you will not be compelled to mourn because you have used sinful means to grow rich. Serve God with integrity, and if you achieve no success, at least no sin will lie upon your conscience. Trusting God, you will not be guilty of self-contradiction. He who trusts in craft sails this way to-day and that way the next, like a vessel tossed about by fickle winds; but he who trusts in the Lord is like a vessel propelled by steam; he cuts through the waves, defies the wind and makes one bright, silvery, straightforward track to her destined haven. Be you a man with living principles within; never bow to the varying customs of worldly wisdom; walk in your path of integrity with steadfast steps, and show that you are invincibly strong in the strength which confidence in God alone can confer. Thus you will be delivered from carking care, you will not be troubled with evil tidings, your heart will be fixed, trusting in the Lord. How pleasant to float along the stream of Providence! There is no more blessed way of living than a life of dependence upon a covenant-keeping God. We have no care, for He careth for us. We have no troubles, because we cast our burdens on the Lord.—*Spurgeon*.

### DURER'S CHRIST-CHILD.

The Peculiarity of the Great German Master's Works.

In Albert Durer the influences which controlled and molded the development of German art reached their culmination, and in his work we see at once its weakness and its strength. He was, beyond question, a mighty genius, but always and indubitably a Teutonic genius, never breaking, never seeking to break the narrow bounds of his native environment. He often signed his pictures "A German," or "A Nuremberger"—patriotic but superfluous, for no one who looks at them needs to be told where they were produced. They are genuine; they smack of the soil. Thus, in all his representations of the Nativity and the Holy Family—and they are many—the Virgin is a simple Nuremberger mother in her housewife's dress, the Child is just such an infant as Durer might have seen in his neighbor's cradle, and the landscape is a wonderful reproduction of what the traveler may find to-day in the quiet corners of Franconia. He treats the theme with what Mr. Comyns Carr has well called an "unfinching realism," which often leads him into ugliness and sometimes into triviality. The characteristic trait is domesticity—a thoroughly German quality—and one certainly poetic enough to be worthily expressed in the most perfect art, but needing always to be guarded against falling into mere homeliness, which is quite another thing. Durer's pictures of the Christ-child and the Virgin always remind me of the old German Christmas carols. We may smile at them, but we cannot help loving them.—*Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke, in Harper's Magazine*.

Habit, if wisely and skillfully formed, becomes truly a second nature, as the common saying is; but unskillfully and unmethodically directed, it will be as it were the ape of nature, which imitates nothing to the life, but only clumsily and awkwardly.—*Bacon*.

The spirit of ungenerous criticism has stunted spiritual growth in more souls than will be known this side the judgment.—*Baptist Weekly*.

### A BLOODTHIRSTY KING.

Theebaw's Revoltingly Cruel Reign and His Quarrel with England.

King Theebaw succeeded his father, Mendone Meng, in 1873, at the age of about twenty-one. He was neither the eldest nor the favorite child of a family of forty-eight sons and sixty-two daughters, but he had married the daughter of the chief Queen, who brought over to his interest the principal dignitaries. At first Theebaw gave promise of a peaceful and useful reign. But his brothers, the Nyoung Jan and the Nyoung Oke, who had claims to the throne more valid than his, had escaped in safety to British protection. The knowledge that they lived and might plot against him unsettled his feeble mind, and this, with drink, opium and the pernicious counsels of those about him, caused him to develop into the sanguinary monster that he has since been.

In February, 1879, encouraged by reports of British reverses in Zululand, Theebaw massacred his relatives and their adherents, whom he had kept confined for months in loathsome dungeons. Men, women and children were knocked on the head and hung, alive or dead, into yawning trenches. The month of a high official was filled with gunpowder, which was then exploded. Women were ripped up, after being subjected to every conceivable indignity, and infants' brains were dashed out against stone walls. The exact number of unfortunate who perished amid such fearful tortures at this time, and since in Burmah, will never be known. It is certain, however, that it must be reckoned in hundreds. One of the two pits within the palace enclosure, into which living and dead were cast together during the three initial nights of crime, soon bulged and cracked at its mouth from the exhalations arising. An elephant had to be fetched to trample down the earth.

Burmah was shorn of its sea-coast and some of its most profitable provinces, by the wars with the English, which ended in 1824 and 1852. Disputes with the Indian Government led to the withdrawal of the British Charge d'Affaires from Mandalay, in October, 1879. Frontier raids, rebellions and attempts at assassination followed. Since 1880, however, the exterior relations of Burmah have been very quiet, although the British authorities at Rangoon have had constant occasion to watch against the intrigues which King Theebaw has sought to conduct against England with other powers.

The last dispute arose from the capture and attempted extortion of King Theebaw in interfering with British trade on the Irrawaddy River, and in his suspected plotting with France to the disadvantage of English interests. Responsibility for this plotting has been disclaimed by President Grey's Government. The quarrel, therefore, rests upon Theebaw's arrogant and insulting refusal to attend to the communication of the Viceroy of India, proposing arbitration with reference to the preposterous fine of £230,000 recently imposed for alleged offenses upon the Bombay and Burmah Trading Corporation. This company has an immense body of servants and hundreds of elephants employed in timber cutting in Burmese territory.—*N. Y. Mercury*.

### STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

A College Professor's Story of a Snoring Cadaver and the Explanation of the Phenomenon.

"I have been for the past fifteen years engaged at my present business, and need not tell you it is not one of the most pleasant occupations in the world. I have had some terrible experiences during that time, and if I were to relate some of them to you you would not think them credible. I spend most of the day and night with these dead bodies, and now that I have grown accustomed to it I do not mind it so much." The speaker was Prof. James Walsh, Superintendent of the dissecting room in the New York University Medical College, and the above answer was given in reply to the reporter's query. The professor continued:

"If you wish to hear an experience I had, let me see, about fifteen years ago, I have no objection to telling you, but just follow me up and I will show you the very spot where it occurred, and perhaps it will help to refresh my memory somewhat."

The reporter followed the professor up a long winding iron stairway until he came to a door which was locked. The professor took from his pocket a key, and, having applied it to the lock, the door suddenly flew open and disclosed a long, wide room, in which lay upward of two hundred "cadavers," placed upon marble slabs. The stench that came from this room was of the most indescribable character, and the reporter instinctively drew back to catch his breath.

"This is the dissecting room," added the Professor, "and it gives you some idea of the character of my work. It is here I spend my day and night, and you will at once admit it is not a very pleasant way to spend one's existence. It is over there, just at that slab toward the left, that the experience occurred which I will now relate."

"I was then a new man, and did not feel quite at home as much as now, and though it is well-nigh fifteen years since it happened it was so forcibly impressed upon my mind at that time that I shall never forget it. The students had all gone and I was alone in the dissecting room. The hour was about twelve o'clock, and I had remained to fix up the cadavers for the morning. The associations connected with the place at such an hour are enough to fill the mind of a less nervous person with apprehension. About two hundred dead bodies lay on the slabs all around, and at that time a screen hung from the top of each slab to the ground, so as to conceal the debris during the day. Not a sound broke the stillness of the dissecting room, not a ripple ran through this big building, when all at once, as I stood near that slab, I heard a loud snoring sound proceed from a cadaver. "I could feel the throbbing of my heart, and I stood rooted to the

ground. I could not move if I tried, and the muscles of my feet seemed to give way under me. The cadaver raised himself on his back and looked and grinned at me in a most agonizing manner. A cold sweat ran all over my frame. I seemed to be lifted off the ground, and in another moment I was thrown prostrate on the floor. I never believed much in ghosts, but at that time I could not explain this extraordinary phenomenon.

"I lay in that position I know not how long. But any way when I recovered consciousness it was morning, and the light was streaming in through those windows. With the return of day I plucked fresh courage and went up to ascertain the cause of my scare of the previous night. The cadaver lay in the very same position in which it had been placed by me, and I put my hand on the face and found the coldness of death there. I raised up the cloth that covered the lower part of the slab, and there found the cause of my feeling of the previous night. A student lay on his back on the floor in a profound slumber, sleeping off the effects of the night's debauch. This at once explained the whole secret away, and the nervous prostration I experienced was wholly due to my ardent imagination. I got over all that, however, and now I investigate the cause of any unusual noise since that night. Of course, you can readily understand the nervous perturbation was wholly induced by the strange noise that was produced in that place at such an unreasonable hour, and that explains away my feelings with regard to the erect position the cadaver was supposed to assume. Such an extraordinary occurrence might result fatally in many cases, for the nervous system in one who is a firm believer in supernatural visitations would receive a shock from which it would never, in all probability, rally, and I have known many people who were rendered insane by just such an occurrence. It was a lesson to me, however, that I will not readily forget. So much for my first experience in a dissecting-room."—*N. Y. Herald*.

### CLEVELAND CLOCKS.

Some Ancient Timepieces Made by the President's Ancestors.

Some years ago Edward Scott, a jeweler of this village, commenced a collection of ancient clocks, commonly called "wall sweeps," which are now valuable as relics. Then it was nothing unusual to attend the sale of some family about to move away and buy an old clock for a silver quarter. Often, indeed, they were given away to the boys, and were used as clumsy playthings. Scott found several old timepieces with the name of "Jeremiah Cleveland, maker," inside the wooden cases.

The Cleveland family has been known in Clermont County for years, and not much was thought of this until the elevation of Grover Cleveland to the Presidency. A brushing up of family recollections disclosed the fact that Jeremiah Cleveland was an uncle of the President, and, more, that the works of his ancient clocks had mostly been made by Rev. Aaron Cleveland, the President's father, who had learned clock-making in his youth to renounce it for the ministry. This clock discovery led to more investigation of the Cleveland family, and a closer hunt among clocks for more of the Cleveland make. Two brothers of the President's father, Jeremiah and Stephen, came to this country in the early part of the century. For the latter the President was originally named. He was for years in this country, but went to Cincinnati, where he kept a drug store for a long time.

Jerry Cleveland married Lizzie Robinson and settled in Lucy's Run, near Batavia. Here he had a shop, which is still standing a ruin, never in use since his death in 1837. He was in those early days compelled to take for payment wheat, heifers, calves, oats, cordwood or days' labor, and history does not record that he left much fortune to his family. One son, Aaron B. Cleveland, named for the President's father, appointed by the grace of his cousin, among the clocks collected which bear the mark of manufacture or repair by Aaron or Jerry Cleveland is one lately bought by Governor Knott, of Kentucky, and which is understood to be a forthcoming present to the President. James B. Milford, has another clock repaired by old Jerry Cleveland, which was brought from Epping, N. H. It had been in the Norris family one hundred and fifty-six years, and in the French and Indian war two babies were hid in its case during the Indian attack on the cabin. Another case made by Cleveland for the Trout family is still in good condition. The works were made in 1782. For sixty-three years this clock has been in the Trout family, near Fessburg, Brown County, Thomas and Mexican soldier, who appointed General Grant to West Point, sat under the face of this clock and sued in vain for the hand of pretty Mary Trout, who refused him to wed a farmer boy. In one of the families related to General Grant and living in the southern part of the county is a clock, the case of which was made by Cleveland in 1820, and which was ticking the hour of General Grant's birth in the Point Pleasant cottage.—*Batavia (O.) Cor. Chicago Times*.

### A Monster Oak.

Of a monster oak felled in England in 1810 the main trunk, 10 feet long, produced 450 cubic feet, one limb 472 cubic feet, and other limbs respectively 355, 235, 156, 113 and 106 cubic feet; 6 other limbs of inferior size averaged 93 feet each, making a total of 2,445 cubic feet of sound timber. The bark was estimated at six tons. It took five men twenty days to strip and cut down this tree, and two sawyers were five months in converting it into timber. The main trunk of this tree was 94 feet in diameter. The whole produce of the tree in the market brought about \$2,000.—*Live Stock Journal*.

### A WONDERFUL PLANT.

A Fern that Is Fed on Cosmic Dust—New and Startling Theory of Vegetation.

On a train between Rochester and Syracuse I happened to occupy a seat with a middle-aged gentleman, who carried a small flower-pot containing a little plant, for whose safety he seemed extremely solicitous. During the first half of the journey there was but scant conversation between us, but, as I am interested in botany, I began to look more closely at my fellow-traveler's plant, and finally became quite absorbed in it. It was a species of fern with which I was wholly unacquainted.

"May I ask what kind of fern that is, and where it grows?" I inquired at last.

"That is more than I can tell you," he replied, "but I venture to say there is no other like it in the world."

Naturally, I became curious, and asked questions. The following is a synopsis of his replies:

"I was for years in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, and spent the best part of my life among ice and savages in the cold regions of British America. I had often noticed that the snow and ice in some localities were covered with a grayish-black powder, but paid no attention to it till I read an account of an Arctic expedition, in which the writer stated that such powder was cosmic dust, sifted down through the atmosphere from space, which is said to be more or less filled with it.

"As soon as I read this statement it struck me that it would be a good plan to collect some of the dust and see whether anything would grow in it. So I began to carry a bottle, into which I put the powder whenever I found any. In a few years I succeeded in collecting quite a quantity, about as much as you see here"—and he held the flower-pot toward me; it was about one-third full—"and I became very much interested in my cosmic treasure, wondering whether, if any of our plants should grow in it, they would take the same shape as when nourished by their native soil.

"At this time I was called to England in connection with the business of the company, and, planting a pea in the celestial mold, I locked it up in a large wooden box. There it remained undisturbed until my return, a little more than a year. I confess I opened the box again with a good deal of curiosity, and was both astonished and delighted to see that the pea had developed into a fern, as I supposed, for this plant was then about one inch in height. I attended to it very carefully for about two months, but it did not seem to grow. One day I stirred up the dust (it had hitherto been undisturbed), and to my extreme astonishment brought to light the pea I had planted, as dry and unsprouted as though it had been buried in dry sand. I examined the pea carefully. It was wholly unaffected, and the fern must have had some other origin. There is no doubt about that."

"Have you any idea how it originated there?" I asked.

"Well, yes; I am confident the seed came with the dust from some other world."

In answer to my look of amazement, and it may be, incredulity, he continued:

"It was certainly not planted in this pot in any shape. And how could a fern root or a fern seed have become mixed with the dust at the top of thick snow or ice? That was impossible. Neither could it get into the bottle in which I kept it until emptied into this pot, which was brand new. And now, if cosmic dust can settle upon the earth, which I believe scientists regard as a fact, is there anything unreasonable in supposing that a light plant seed can do the same?"

"Your logic seems good, but I must confess that on first thought you theory appears fanciful."

"On the first thought it would undoubtedly seem so, but not on the hundredth, perhaps. I have studied this matter in all directions, and I have come to the conclusion that some of the varieties of our plants have had just such an origin as I claim for this fern, and it may be that the same is true of some of our animal species. Perhaps the beginning of all life on earth had such an origin, perhaps life from this earth has been wafted to our neighbor planets as well.

"Now another confirmation of my theory as regards this particular plant is that no one has ever seen one like it. No botanist that I ever consulted has been able to classify it. Since I became interested in the subject I have examined many kinds of fern, but never came across one that resembled this."

"How long has it been growing?"

"Ten years. It grows very slowly and does not thrive on water. At the suggestion of a friend, I have tried sprinkling it with diluted ammonia, which seems to agree with it."

At this point we came, as I thought, very suddenly to my destination, and, as I left the car, I asked the stranger to give me his name. He replied that it was Tarleton or Carleton, I could not distinguish which, and he said he was on his way to England.—*Syracuse Cor. N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

### How a Marriage Was Prevented.

A remarkable story of the triumph of fashion over love comes from France. A Lyons artist was engaged to be married to a young lady, and the invitations for the wedding had been sent out. The bridegroom had a hearty dislike for the appendage to ladies' dress commonly known as the bustle. In speaking to his bride of her wedding-gown, he happened to mention his wish that this addition should be dispensed with. "O, no!" responded the young lady; "I must be married in such a dress, or I will not be married at all." And so the engagement ended. She would not give up the dress she wanted, and he would not marry her in it. It is evident that they were very self-opinionated or else not very deeply in love with one another.—*N. Y. Ledger*.

The London *Lancet*, the leading medical authority of the world, says that more cases of lumbago and rheumatism are caused by wearing overcoats than by going out without them.

### HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Nickel-plated ware can be cleaned and brightened by rubbing with flour and a woolen cloth.—*Cincinnati Times*.

—Corn-husks braided and the braids joined by sewing with a sack needle and fine twine make pretty and serviceable mats.

—Several years since a gardener discovered that by planting his squash seeds in earth that had a layer of coal ashes above and below it the vines were not molested by cut-worms.—*Chicago Times*.

—Rice Pudding: A cheap, nice rice pudding is made by putting into one quart of milk three tablespoonfuls of raw rice, and three tablespoonfuls of sugar, (or more to suit the taste,) bake three hours in a slow-evenly-heated oven. Do not stir after putting it in the oven.—*The Caterer*.

—Apple Jelly: Cut the apples in small pieces without paring, and stir till soft, using more water than for apple sauce. Strain through a hair sieve, then through a jelly bag twice. To a pint of juice put three-fourths of a pound of sugar—a pound to a pint makes it too sweet—and boil until the right thickness is obtained. The addition of lemons makes it much nicer.—*The Housewife*.

Most nuts will not sprout after they have become thoroughly dry, says the *American Gardener*, and should therefore be planted as soon as ripe. If the ground is in proper condition the best plan is to plant the nuts just when they are wanted. A mellow, moderately rich soil, covering the nuts two or three inches deep and packing the earth firmly over them, is all that is needed.—*Albany Journal*.

—Nectar in the flowers is controlled largely by electricity in the atmosphere. When storms are frequent the general report is that the blossoms contain no nectar. Cyclones, tornadoes, hail-storms, thunder and lightning are largely the cause of a poor honey crop. The past two seasons were surprising examples of too much electricity in the atmosphere, with corresponding lack of honey.—*American Bee Journal*.

—Gather all the trash from the garden and add to it the trash pile: give the garden a heavy dressing of well-rooted manure and plow it carefully under in readiness for next spring, especially if it be a strong loam or clay, leaving the surface rough. A moderate dressing of compost, lightly plowed under in the spring, will then fit the garden admirably for a big crop next summer.—*Practical Farmer*.

—Favorite Cake: Make a layer of cake with two cupfuls of sugar, two-thirds of a cupful of butter, half a cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour, four eggs, a teaspoonful of soda and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; then spread between the layers and over the top of the cake a dressing of a beaten egg, half a pint of whipped cream, a cupful of grated cocoanut, half a cupful of sugar, the juice and half the grated rind of one orange stirred up together.—*Boston Budget*.

### PARSNIPS.

Hints about Harvesting This Lefelous and Rich Vegetable.

Those who harvested their parsnips in the autumn, under the impression that they are in full perfection for the table, labor under a great mistake; and those who gather a portion of them, with the idea that they can not be dug in the winter, are also mistaken. A friend of ours who keeps abreast, if not in advance, of the times, has adopted a method of so protecting his parsnips in the autumn that they can be dug at any time during the winter, and thus have them fresh as well as well ripened. His method is to cover the ground where the parsnips grow with a sufficient covering of eel-grass to keep the frost out. In the interior, where eel-grass can not be obtained, a sufficient quantity of meadow-grass might be used for a protection, or leaves covered with boards could be used; where sawdust could be obtained, it would be a good material, providing it be covered with boards so as to keep most of the water out. The cost of covering a sufficient quantity for family use would be very slight, and the advantage of being able to obtain fresh parsnips at any time very great. Whenever the frost has been out of the ground in January or February, we have always availed ourselves of the opportunity to dig a few parsnips, and have found them to be much more delicious than when dry in the autumn. Although we have never tried the process of covering, we have no doubt that it will secure roots of a much better flavor than if dug either in the autumn or the spring, for when dug in the autumn the roots do not arrive to perfection, and if not dug until spring the tops begin to grow, and the fibrous roots start up frequently before the frost is out at the bottom of the roots; but we can readily see that when well covered the roots will be kept back, and thus be in good condition much later in the spring than if not covered; and there can be but little doubt that by the keeping of the roots in the ground undisturbed, and so protected that there will be no freezing and thawing, the flavor will be better than if left exposed to the sudden and great changes of temperature that are constantly taking place in our climate. When covering is intended it would be better to plant the parsnips in a square bed, and not in a single row, because it would be much easier to cover a square than one row, it not requiring so much material to cover with. The parsnip, when properly grown and well-ripened, is an excellent vegetable, but for the want of the proper knowledge of how to grow it well, and of harvesting it at the right time, it is not fully appreciated. Many dig their parsnips in the autumn and store them in the cellar the same as potatoes, and because of their immature condition, they make to most of people very unsatisfactory food; if they must be harvested in the autumn it should not be done until just before winter sets in, and then they should be packed down in sand and kept where it is cool, but not so cold as to freeze.—*Massachusetts Florist*.